

A Thrilling Story.

MAY OF POMERANIA.

BY FRANCES F. PEPPERELL.

A thorny, thick wood, without other paths than those made by cattle and wild beasts, separated the province which has always been known for that reason, as Transylvania, from the western districts, and many centuries ago it was more vast and intricate than at present. Conrad, the lord of Swabia, had been delayed upon the way, and his retainers having advanced a day's journey and now waited for him beyond, it happened that he was traversing this vast forest alone, and at midnight, faint and somewhat, if on the path he had intended. Now and then his frightened beast gave a low whinny at the savage noises of the wood. A pine cone dropping down sharply would startle him from the path, and the low, hanging boughs of the forest, wet with perpetual dew, brushing continually across his face, caused him to be controlled with difficulty by his fearless rider. Suddenly, faint and vibratory, a single toll of a bell fell on the air; a moment's pause and then another and another, slow and distant. It sounded as if some human life must be near, but then it was a "passing bell," and there must be death also. The ground he was crossing had been very marshy, so that he had frequently felt it impossible to advance or retire, and the thickest darkness surrounded him. As he proceeded now, the wood grew gradually thinner, the soil firmer, and he seemed to be issuing on a bowery lane. The sound of the bell struck close and dead upon his ear, as if opposed by some solid mass; at last, wherever the chapel might be, he had passed it, and this antipathetic of open space in the heart of the forest, could not have exceeded a rod, ere a torch flashed up before him, and steadily descended; in a moment a tall groom stood beside his saddle.

"Come," said he, "he has need of thee!"

Rather wondering, the lord of Swabia said:

"And who is he, my friend?"

"The Baron Stahl, my master. Hush! he dies. Come!" and taking the horse's bridle he led him on.

Now they seemed to be entering beneath an arch, the way sounded hollow like a bridge, now the hoofs rang on a pavement, and alighting at a sign from the groom, he entered a wide, gloomy hall, whose sole occupant was an old seneschal, wringing his hands over the dying embers on the hearth, and the groom re-appearing, took him by the hand, and led him, in the dark, up long flights, through echoing corridors and suites of rooms. At last opening one other door, he left him, and Conrad found himself standing in a room at first equally dark and gloomy, but soon appearing sufficiently robbed of blackness to present every object in a false, grey light, by means of a holy candle burning in a far corner. Stretched on a low stone pallet, lay a man, who though past his youth, would have been in the prime of manhood, if not thus lying wasted and dying of pain. A long figure, and though so shrunken that the former armor rattled and clashed upon him, yet still persistently clad in it, while his bare head lay on a block of stone, with the helmet beside it.

"Thou art come," said he, in a deep, hollow voice.

"And thou meetest two accounts at once," said Conrad, not less deep and stern, as he advanced with a quick and haughty tread.

The dying man moved uneasily, on the hard stone and steel of his bed.

"Penance enough, Conrad of Swabia, without taint of thine," said he.

Conrad looked down, with folded arms, on the man below; contending emotions were at variance within him—the fierce revenge of manifold injuries, the Christian pity that prompted forgiveness. He was to face, in a few moments, a sterner judge than Conrad.

Let us go back with the lord of Swabia two years, during which this dying man had worked him bitter teen. We shall see Conrad the Knight, in his first battle, fearless, skillful, and bearing away the palm from older knights, whose bravery could not be contested. We shall see the leader of the enemy his opponent, horse to horse, man to man, his guntlet seizing the other's corselet; already his sword flashes in the air above him. As it descends, all Germany will be rid of a tormentor whose raids have given rise to perpetual warfare, when the Baron Stahl, close by his side, at the instant, with devilish treachery, fiercely lunges Conrad's horse, who leaping up in pain, falls over, crushing the almost victorious rider, and rolls in agony upon him, while the enemy escaped. But the guile of the Baron did not so effectually ruin Conrad, as he meant it should, for the Duke of Pomerania who had observed his valor,

and who was himself wounded as well, had him borne to his own fastness, and carefully tended through the long illness ensuing on his wounds. There in the firelight of every evening, the most beautiful face—that ever crossed his vision haunted him, and the long fair hair and radiant brown eyes of the Duchess May, the Duke's wife, drooped over him in tender pity. She had learned stories of southern magic and northern fays, and with these, adding a charm by her recital, she beguiled long mornings. She had a wild dramatic talent, and with her women and the hunters, enacted for the invalid's amusement, tiny dreams and comedies. Her heralds coming home from wanderings through the kingdom, brought news which entertained them in duller hours. She had learned music before coming from her more southern home, and frequently with her redundant yellow tresses streaming over it, she drew pathetic melodies from her great harp and charmed all tidium away. She was beautiful, and Conrad had a keen perception of loveliness; she was young, not nineteen, and Conrad also, was in the first fire of youth; the Duke was old; but if these thoughts crossed the minds of either, respecting themselves, they courageously repressed them. One night there had clanged outside the gates, the retainers of Baron Stahl; he entered with certain sarcastic ease and received his welcome, and at midnight, when Conrad had been assisted away by his squire, and the Duchess had withdrawn with her maidens he remained alone with the feeble old Duke, who reined in his great chair, propped up by pillows.

"Ah," said the Baron Stahl, "they go together!"

"Who?" asked the Duke.

"The lord of Swabia and thy wife!"

He returned with a bitter sneer on the last words.

"Sir, I respect the rights of hospitality!" thundered the Duke. "Otherwise," and his eyes flashed the threat.

The whereabouts of Conrad were unknown abroad, many fearing him to be dead, others thinking him to have sought other adventures. This, of course Baron Stahl knew, but he raised his eyes without any discomposure, saying:

"His highness doth not then know that the beautiful Duchess and Conrad are coupled in rumor most unpleasantly."

The Duke kept a moment's silence.

"Baron Stahl," said he, then slowly, and raising his fiery eyes, "thou art a liar!"

The Baron sprung to his feet, and would have seized the old man's throat had not a couple of his knights at that moment entered.

"Graven hounds," cried he, "listen while I challenge your master! Lie, Duke Rolf! Thou dost! I challenge thee to meet me ere twenty days in mortal combat, and prove that thy wife is not a—"

A stunning blow on the ear, from the old man, who, endowed by his anger with sudden strength, leaped to his feet, stretched him on the floor with an unfinished sentence, and almost as lifeless, the duke fell back into his seat. That hour the Baron left the castle, the next day the challenge was proclaimed through the district by his myrmidons. It was against the rules of chivalry for the duke of so vast a province to descend and encounter a petty noble, even had his strength been sufficient, but the Baron had cause to tremble when he knew that Conrad, who also took precedence in rank, would take up the gage in the duke's stead, for weak as the latter might be, his strength, through skillfulness and innocence, were an adamant panoply against so vile a slanderer. And thus before half Germany, with all the beauty of the land gazing down into the arena, ere the twentieth day the two met. The duke occupied a conspicuous place, sitting surrounded by cushions, and the brown eyes of the duchess where she stood by her husband's side, smiled down on Conrad as he entered the lists, but shouts of execration greeted his opponent though none knew the real cause that provoked the contest.

Perhaps this general confidence gave Conrad more strength than at that moment belonged to him, for at the first tilt the lance was shattered, and the Baron dismounted. Conrad's squire courteously offered him the stirrup, which he angrily refused, and Conrad springing to the ground to meet him, in a few seconds had overpowered him, and stood with his foot on his breast and his sword point at the liar's throat.

"Retract," said he, low and hoarsely.

Never," returned the Baron, while quickly lifting his hands he wrenched the sword from Conrad's grasp, and tossed it away.

Quick as light, Conrad stooped, snatching the Baron's presented it. In the instant a deadly fear blanched the Baron's face, his lips quivered, and great veins started out, purple and swollen in his forehead. Conrad perceived the advantage gained.

"Poisoned, is it?" said he. "Retract

or by the Lord I'll bury it to the hilt in thy lying throat! Louder, he added, as he saw the Baron's lips forming for the words. Rise and let all hear thee."

The Baron rose, stood erect a moment, with folded arms and gazing on the ground; then boldly sweeping his eyes round—

"Nobles of Germany," said he, "I am conquered," and then remained silent.

"Further!" demanded Conrad, with the weapon still in his hand.

A rumor had already spread of the Baron's stratagem.

"You poisoned your weapons," cried one at a distance.

"I always do," he returned scoffingly.

"Further!" demanded Conrad again.

"Speak and retract!"

The Baron stooped and detached his golden spurs.

"Nobles of Germany!" said he, then rising, and insolently throwing back his head. "The duke says true. I lied!"

And fiercely flinging the spurs into the duke's face, he turned on his heel and disappeared.

Conrad returned to the castle with the duke, one week had elapsed through all the old pursuits, and no one had spoken a word of the combat. One day, they had been sitting silent for a long time.

"May," said the duke, "come hither—child!"

And taking her hand when she came, he gazed earnestly into her innocent eyes. "Dear, I have never doubted thee, nor do I now," said he.

"I did wrong in wedding thy lovely youth to my old age. I am about to repair it. Thou art young, thou hast been a sweet wife to me, thou shalt be sweeter to him. I know where thy heart lies, and that thou hast never once swerved from thy duty. He can love thee no better than I have done, but thou canst love him. Conrad!" and he rose from his recumbent position, seeking Conrad with his eyes, who coming forward gave him his hand. "Conrad, thou art worthy of my trust. See, I reward thee, and God bless you and me!"

And with a hand of either in his own, he felt back and quietly closed his eyes. Thus died the duke, and the Duchess May was a widow. The funeral over, Conrad bade her a stately farewell and departed.

A year's time saw him constantly at Swabia, attending to his dependents, fortifying his strongholds, cultivating his broad lands, and introducing peaceful arts among the warlike people. Often meantime had the Baron's face sneered at him with a cardigan grin in highway and palace hall, and many a kindly plan for other's benefit had his malignant influence destroyed. But of late the Baron appeared to have retired from the world, and a report gained belief that he had withdrawn to end his shameful days in a monastery. At the end of the year, the Lord of Swabia took a journey, and alighted in the hall of the duchess of Pomerania. Ushered into the room and left there, he at first thought himself alone, but in a moment he saw her fair head bent over her black dress, and her hands folded on her knee, as she sat abstracted and mournful in one of the deep windows. As he strode rapidly forward it aroused her, and she started up with outstretched hands; but in an instant she remembered that had passed, and the decorum due on such meeting, and she remembered, too, his solemn farewell a year ago, when she half expected other words, then dropping her hands to her side, she stood still, awaiting him. All this she noticed, and acted accordingly, saluting her with a grave cordiality that brought the tears to her eyes in longing that she had acted on her first impulses.

"I hope," said she, after an hour's talk, "that the Lord of Swabia has not come to tantalize me with swift departure."

"Not so. My squire waits below. I but called in passing, to present my compliments, and re-assure myself that I possessed that friendship most valued by me of all the world's treasures."

"Thou hadst no need. I am no chameleon."

"And is thy highness happy now?"

He was sitting by her side, almost too happy for speech in the intoxicating joy of her sweet presence.

All the lonely longing of this year in Swabia seemed repaid, as with his head resting on his hand, he steadfastly gazed on her beautiful face.

"My highness? No," said she. "Myself—I might be."

Conrad were bold if he questioned how!

She was silent, with her eyes on the floor.

"Tell me, May, is it thus?" said he, as folding his arm around her, he caught her quick breath on his lips and held it with one passionate, long-forbidden kiss.

"Thus and thus," she murmured, clinging to him with a quick rain of joyful tears. "Oh, never leave me!"

"Mine," he said. "Long loved, long

longed, sighed and waited for! mine at last!"

A happy, happy month slipped by on fleetest feet, and he left Pomerania to prepare Swabia for its bride. When he returned one night some few weeks after, no hospitable lights gleamed from the deep windows, no columns of smoke curled from the vast chimneys, no gay sound of voices rose from the court and hall. Only the warders sat inside the gate, and in answer to his quick, vehement demands, told him how, five days before, when walking on the mountain with two of her women, a troop of light horsemen led by a powerful man, dashed over the brow of a rocky spur, snatched all three into their rude arms, galloped off in separate directions, and were seen no more, though her retainers had scoured the country round, and had not yet, by any means, abandoned the search. A messenger despatched to him had been found that day slain, and thus, word of the dreadful event had never reached him. In vain Conrad, with his own and her followers, and the gay band of sovereign lords who had accompanied him to the wedding, ransacked the great pile of masonry from turret to vault. In vain all the south of Germany rose to arms in his behalf, and ranged the country through. In vain his labor and despair, the Baron of Stahl was nowhere to be heard of, and no vestige of the duchess May could be discovered.

Another year, and still with unremitting vigor, he was searching, when one day he met a page.

"Is it the Lord of Swabia?" the boy asked; and on being assured of it—

"Does his highness recognize that?" he said, producing from his vest a kerchief of the finest texture, and wrought with the initials of the duchess, although sodden and torn with briars.

"Where got you this?" exclaimed Conrad.

"In the forest between your highness' dominions and the next province; it has lain long."

The purse of Conrad rewarded him, and that very day with his hand he set out for the forest on the path thus opened to him. On his way a message from the emperor, who was marching across this region of the empire, summoned him to the royal camp, and detained him what seemed an interminable length of time, and thus we find him, having lost the track of his retainers, coming upon the lonely castle of the Baron Stahl, who is dying, and hearing these words in his ear:

"Penance enough, Conrad of Swabia, without taint of thine!"

Words, in the passion that at this moment devastated the soul of Conrad of Swabia were impossible; he curbed himself with an iron will, or stooping, he could have torn the dying wretch to atoms. At last a great sigh throbbing up in his breast relieved him, and bending on one knee beside the piteous couch, he hoarsely muttered:

"Death, so thou hast come to it!—and then judgment! the great gulf of fire—the eternal agony. God forgive thee, Stahl! Baron Stahl, as thou hast mercy, as thou prayest the flames do not utterly shroud thee, speak truth! Where is she?"

The Baron laughed as bitter a sneer as if sitting in buoyant health at his wine.

"Gone before," said he, "she is dead."

Conrad seized his shoulder.

"Dog!" he thundered, "the truth! Palter not—I could utterly annihilate thee! She is not dead. Where then?"

The Baron writhed in the force of his grasp.

"No, no," moaned he. "No, no," in the intervals of a hollow cough. "I lied again. Not dead. But where? By my Judge I know not!"

"Thou art dying Baron Stahl! I want the truth!"

"I know I am dying—dying of a wound—"

"What! do others fight with poisoned weapons?"

"Scoff now, it is thy turn. A year in this castle has May of Pomerania, with her women, been my prisoner. If she became my wife, then all her property, that vast wealth, became mine too. It required her consent for our marriage. He saw how his words tore Conrad's heart, and how, while he listened perforce, every nerve was racked, yet he persisted. "A year tirelessly, have I sought her love, willing to beg where I might command. Vain, vain!" he said falling back with a louder cough. "I might as easily called the angels out of Heaven, if there be such. One day, two months since, I pleaded with her. She snatched my dagger. 'I will die first,' she answered."

"It was poisoned," cried Conrad.

"Poisoned. I snatched it. I could easily have crushed her, so tender a thing, in my hand. But I feared, lest the dagger should scratch her, and used care, in the hurry of the scuffle, its point entered deep into my chest. See, I die of it!"

"And she?"

"Gone. Whither, I know not. Fled in the night, and never since seen! My groom saw thee in the wood hours ago. I called thee hither that thy pardon might ease me!"

Conrad waited a bitter moment. He was not perfect, but a man of stormy feelings, strong passions, warm love, and fierce hatred. And to forgive this enemy who had all his life thwarted and stung him! Better to send him to death loaded with his unforgiving curse. But gently a memory stole over him of a mother, at whose knee kneeling, he said: "As we forgive those who trespass against us." And in the midst of his anger, his grief and hate, a soft pity stole out and enveloped this guilty and miserable man. He took his cold hands in his. The words cost him a struggle:

"Friend! I forgive thee. May God do likewise!"

A smile, a peculiar smile crept over the Baron's face.

"I was born for better things," said he, "and now but two in the world weep for me—my father's old seneschal, and groom. All my wealth is divided between them and removed from here. One last request, my lord. The castle is fired now. When the breath leaves me its flames will be past quenching. Conrad of Swabia! let one noble of Germany behold my burial. Watch. I pray thee, outside on the hill till it be ashes above me."

He had partly risen on his arm as he spoke, and his face white and ghastly grew more livid as he obtained the promise, and then melted into a sneering laugh. Conrad thought him in a paroxysm of delirium. Loud and long it rung up the vaulted chamber, and its echoes had not subsided when the crashing armor sank down, tenantless of life, plate rattling over plate, above the shriveled corpse, the eyes were fixed, the breath still, the lips draw tightly apart from the grinning teeth. In the horror of the moment, Conrad had forgotten the last words of the Baron, till the warder, entering solemnly, composed the features, covered the body with linen, and poured a flask of fragrant oil over it. When returning to Conrad, passed down with him a single flight of wooden stairs, which brought them to a postern, and joining the waiting seneschal outside, there all three walked up the hill behind the castle, Conrad seating himself on a half-way rock, with his battle-axe and his horse's bridle in his hands, and the others proceeded to the summit. Already through the great arches of the vaults, and along the dungeon gates, a bright light streaming out attested the Baron's truth, and whirls of ascending smoke wrapped the building now in lurid light. An hour of tedious watching; thick grew the columns of smoke, longer the intervals, when the fire breaking through devoured them; the light sparkled through the loopholes a story higher, a fierce heat was felt by Conrad where he sat, yet some fascination kept him there. The further wing was already enveloped and out of the arrow slits in the main building tongues of flame darted licking the ivy and the quantity of carved wood-work there, another hour; the hungry flames had tread fast. One tower was yet untouched—in this the Baron lay. The portcullis was down, the drawbridge open, everything left just as when they issued thence.

Suddenly, from the topmost region of this tower, a loud, wild shriek burst out, followed by others sharper and more agonized. It seemed to say:

"Help! help! O God, help!"

And another voice called, perhaps to his imagination, "Conrad!"

He sprang to his feet. Was he mad? Was he the sport of his senses? Had Stahl obtained his revenge? Had the dying Baron lied? Like a flash, leaping from rock to rock, he dashed down the hill to the plain path, sprung across the drawbridge to the postern and up the stairs to the Baron's room which filled the whole of one floor of the turret. The warder had locked it! Pitchy blackness reigned there, but a sulphurous smoke filled every avenue, and almost choked his breath. Had he been superstitious he might have died on the spot, but raising his battle-axe with a swift strength he broke the door in. The holy candle just flickering in its socket showed him the motionless tapestry, and the sounds from above came louder and shriller. He from above came louder and shriller. He broke the door in. The holy candle just flickering in its socket showed him the motionless tapestry, and the sounds from above came louder and shriller. He from above came louder and shriller. He broke the door in. The holy candle just flickering in its socket showed him the motionless tapestry, and the sounds from above came louder and shriller.

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reflected from without, a hollow, vacant space, extending into the room above.

"Who is there?" he cried, "Hasten! swing yourselves down, or leap, and you are safe!"

"Conrad, Conrad!" cried a voice that had never joined the shrieks. "Oh, my love, hast thou come?" and in an instant the Duchess May stood at the mouth of the opening. "My women," she said. "They first," and with two shawls tied together and held by the Duchess May above, they were separately and instantly lowered and sped on their way.

"Haste, May!" he cried hoarsely, for already he felt the hot breath of the flames, and even now a fearful death might rob him of what he had so dearly gained.

"O, I have nothing, there is nothing to fasten these on!" she cried.

"Leap, then, I will catch thee!" and he extended his arms.

An instant, and she sprang; his arms closed round her—ah bliss! and he turned. A burning beam fell on his path, the floor crushed after him and emitted sparks and smoke as he darted along with his precious burden. All the tower below was on fire; the narrow passage, on both sides, hissing hot and crackling; a staircase quivering as he touched it. A reel and swing under his feet ere half-way down; giving a strong leap, not one moment too soon, he gained the door, and was scarcely a rod distant, when, with a roar that shook the hill, every wall crashed in, and left a burning, undistinguishable heap of ruins that still shed a strong glare into the blackness of the night, now far advanced towards dawn. The two servants of the Baron had beheld it all, vainly gnashing their teeth, for when they would have run down and closed the portcullis even at loss of their own lives, there had surrounded them, with evident surprise to both parties, the retainers whose way Conrad had missed, and who were seeking him. Too thankful for utterance, Conrad stood folding May to his bosom. She looked up first.

"O, my preserver! only God could have measured thy time!" she said.

"Saved! Saved, dear heart!" he returned. "Only thy faith in my coming could have been so constant. Never to part again. Mine! inseparably mine."

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES.—Of the many chimeras in New York, not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks. Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian applewomen. Twenty-eight of these applewomen have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant eyes, olive skinned contemporaries, and the most of them are now happy mothers in consequence. The physiologist avers that the human being is improved, as is the domestic branch of the quadruped animals, by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect that it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty, for surely there never was such a mixture of races in any part of the world. Representatives of all nations have located and married here.—We know of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting troupe that came to this country several years ago, who married wives and are rearing offsprings in one of the Hudson river counties. Siam has its representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciles with a West Chester county spouse. The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish &c. is perfectly bewildering, but the amalgamation of the Irish and the Chinese is more than bewildering—it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intelligibility can be safely eliminated. Imagine a scion of this stock chatting gaily about "Josh" in one moment, speaking of his father Ping Sing Chi, and in the next whirling a shillelagh at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrick O'Dowd. Oh, what a country is this!—*New York Mercury.*

HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.—I was down to see the widow yesterday, said Tim's uncle, and she gave me dinner.—I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the window, I fancied we both felt rather comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me.—She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was a going to court her. Presently—I couldn't help it—I laid my hand softly on

her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I had placed it there in my blandest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked them, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity, right into hers.

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hand on in my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor give me your hand, and I'll put it in a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you mustn't; but I couldn't hold it any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it mustn't go any further.

"Who hath woe?"

The strange and horrible power of intoxicating drinks to paralyze all bodily affections of human nature, furnishes one of the most effective arguments for their disease. So many instances of this terrible truth are seen on every hand that no man can doubt it. It was brought freshly to our notice, a few days since, in the very brief account circulated in the papers, of a mother driven to the murder of herself and child by the cruelty of an intemperate husband.

The story is quickly told, but is most affecting. The body of Mrs. Treat and her child were recovered from the river at Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, after they had been mysteriously missing several days. For some days previous to her sudden disappearance she had endeavored to find some one to adopt her child. Failing in that, it would seem she determined to free it from future neglect, brutality and ruin, and in pursuance of this idea, fastened it to herself with a rope, tying it around the bodies of both, and tying it in a hard knot. Thus they were found—the child with one of its arms around its mother's neck, the mother with both arms clasped tightly around her child. Her husband manifested entire indifference during her absence, and after her bonnet had been found by the side of the river, and while the neighbors were dragging the river for the body, he lingered about the tavern, stupefying himself, as usual with liquor, and manifesting no more human feeling than a brute.

It is easy to fill up the story. Probably Treat had not been long a brute.—A few years ago, who can tell what a wealth of young love he had lavished on the fair girl who consented to be his, for better or worse. Who can paint his first paternal joy at the birth of the child, destined at length to share its mother's watery grave. Treat had learned to love the excitement of the intoxicating cup.—As the habit grew upon him and he became its slave, the love of wife and child withered and died beneath its fatal blight. He became gradually indifferent to their happiness, then morose, then positively cruel. The heart of his poor wife was broken, and in despair for herself and child, she madly sought release for both, from a life made wretched by a husband's cruelty. Treat was not worse, very likely, than other men. Liquor did the terrible work, changed the man to a brute, and made the once fond husband the persecutor of his helpless wife and child, even unto death.

Why do these frequently recurring lessons of the perils of dram-drinking have their effect? How can sane men rush into this open vortex of ruin? Is it not because no man sees his own peril till it is too late, till habit has made him its slave, and he sees but feels unable to resist the influence that is gradually transforming him into its own detestable image. Let the young man who drinks for good companionship and innocent exhilaration, beware. Let him look at the picture before us—the mother and child drawn from their watery grave, and the brutalized husband and father callous to the sad spectacle—and ask if there is no danger that his present agreeable indulgences may not at some time make him the central figure of a similar picture.—"Who hath woe," like that of the drunkard's wife and children!—*Springfield Republican.*

"What is the best attitude for self-defense?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A down-east editor advises his readers if they wish to get teeth inserted gratis, to go and steal fruit where his watch-dog is on guard.

"Mike and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice cranes?" "Thruh! I can; don't they bake them in cold ovens, to be sure?"

At a spiritual meeting, a short time since, Balaam was called up and asked if there were any jockeys in his sphere? Not replied he, indignantly, they are all on the earth.